



SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1901

FANCIES OF FASHION.

Kate Gardner Describes Some Pretty Summer Gowns.

White Costumes, Elaborately Made and Trimmed, Rule the Day—Exquisite Teagowns Shown in Endless Variety.

[Special Chicago Letter.]

THE dress of the moment is particularly alluring — too much so, alas, for those many women who are not fortunate enough to be possessed of a well-filled purse; for, let me tell you, it will take a mint of money to keep up with the pro-



ACCORDION-PLAIED TEAGOWN.

cession in the matter of fashionable dressing this season.

White gowns, white gloves and white parasols are seen everywhere, while the furor for the all-white hat shows no sign of abating. After all, there is nothing more generally becoming or more appropriate for warm weather than a pure white, although I must admit that as carried out this season it is an extravagant fashion. It is an extravagant fashion, but it must ever be borne in mind that the real beauty of the white dress is found in its simplicity and freshness, and when this is lacking the whole effect is irredeemably spoiled; hence to the summer girl with a slender purse who has longings for a white gown my advice is "Don't."

The day of the simple white frock — easy to wash and easy to iron, as the phrase went — is gone, I fear, forever, and in its place we have the white gown elaborately trimmed with yards and yards of dainty ribbon and soft lace, to say nothing of the exquisitely fine and tedious handwork that appears on both waist and skirt, while the vast amount of puffing and frilling, gathering and tucking seen on the approved white gown of the moment would certainly throw our worthy grandmothers into nervous prostration should they happen to catch a glimpse of it.

In the realm of colored gowns, fashionable tailors are making charming little cotton tweed and cheviot frocks as well as linen and pique gowns. In these do we see the ever popular bolero and the inevitable



SOMETHING VERY SWELL.

ble lace collar. These collars are very pretty, and chic to a degree, and what is more, they are practical as well, for one can easily ring the changes by varying the collar, from one of lace to one of tucked batiste.

Foulards seem as much in favor as ever before, and the new ones are serviceable as well as pretty. In foulard a woman can always look smart, yet never overdressed. Some I have seen were the brightest of the bright, while others are very subdued grays, and black and gray mixed.

Here again the large collar I have just mentioned plays a most important part. For instance, a decidedly swell-looking white and black foulard, trimmed with much black Chantilly lace, was given just the finishing touch by means of a large Byron collar of embroidered white muslin, while nothing could be more fetching on one of the new dull red foulards than a big guipure collar

or one of cream-tinted batiste.

Blouses and shirt waists are more to the fore than ever before, and at all the leading shops nowadays one can get very nice, inexpensive blouses, as well as more extravagant ones, hand-made and trimmed with finest French and Swiss embroideries. The all-lace blouse promises to retain its present popularity throughout the season. The new ones are so beautifully cut and shaped that they will prove a boon to those who cannot afford to go to a really first-class dressmaker.

Fashion has shown of late a distinct tendency to favor the modes that are picturesque and artistic, and tendency more beautifully carried out than in the lovely new teagowns now on exhibition in the private showrooms of a fashionable downtown modiste. While no two are alike in any feature, each one in its way carries out the idea of artistic dressing to absolute perfection. The material used in these gowns is very appropriate, being mostly crepe de chine or soft India silk; although one or two were fashioned of a new kind of flowered taffeta, very costly, essentially French and admirably suited to the purpose. In the handsomest and most desirable teagowns the delightful "Empire" still takes first rank, probably on account of its general becomingness, and also because it is easy to make and ideal for warm weather wear. When all are so tempting and fascinating it is rather a difficult matter to pick out any particular one as more worthy of description than another.

The one in the first sketch is one of the daintiest and prettiest that I saw, made of soft rose-pink crepe de chine, entirely accented plaited from throat to feet. This crepe de chine, by the way, is of an uncrushable kind, so that the accordion plaiting may be taken up in the hand or otherwise displaced, but when once released will immediately fall back into its original folds. The gown is crossed at intervals by vandyke insertions of cream-tinted lace, which is also accented plaited in the same way as the crepe de chine. The bodice part is arranged with a deep bolero of accordion plaited silk and lace, finished in front with a soft knot of pink ribbon, while at the back there is a plaited collar bordered with lace. The yoke is of



SMART TEAJACKET.

cream lace, lined with pink, and the closely gathered sleeves of the crepe de chine.

The other teagown which has been sketched by our artist is a very dainty affair, carried out in ivory white mull, with many insertions of fine lace arranged round the gown in horizontal stripes. The hem is ornamented with a flounce of lace, while the sleeves are very prettily arranged with alternate stripes of the mull and lace insertion. They are made in the popular elbow length and are appropriately finished by deep frills of plaited mull, edged with narrow lace. The bodice of this teagown has an Empire front, made in bolero style and trimmed about its entire edge with frills of lace. This is caught in the center by a full, soft choux of chiffon and sash ends of mull trimmed near the hem with insertions of lace. While both these gowns are much too elaborate and dressy for ordinary wear, it would be an easy matter to copy them in a slightly modified manner — in cheaper material and still retain all the most charming features that make them so delightful.

It is but a step from the teagown to its more humble sister, the teajacket, and with the warm days of midsummer still before us this useful garment should receive our immediate attention.

The approved teajacket must be smart looking and at the same time comfortable. It must fit loose and yet not look that way in the smallest degree. Anything bordering on bagginess is not to be tolerated in this glorified garment, and yet I must confess that in most of the teajackets one sees nowadays this disagreeable feature is usually the most pronounced, owing to lack of skill in cut and finish. Novel and original in design, tasteful in coloring and admirable in cut, fit and finish are the teajackets brought out for midsummer wear. All kinds of materials are used in their construction; but the prettiest, I think, are made of soft washing silk, cleverly trimmed with much lace and ribbon.

The smart little teajacket given in the picture is fashioned of turquoise blue silk, bordered throughout with frills of cream colored lace and arranged with a very prettily tucked front and a sash drapery of lace and silk. Round the shoulders there is a frill of lace, while the sleeves are trimmed with insertions of lace.

KATE GARDNER.

The Real Defeat.

A brave man may fall by the sword of a coward, as did John the Baptist, but the real defeat is the coward's. Well, yes.



"HID WITH CHRIST."

We gazed into the yawning grave. With shuddering agony and dread; Late that serene and narrow cave Where we must leave our precious dead!

Our heartstrings quivered with the moan Of cords reluctantly uncoiled, As in their taut, yet writhing zone, The Casket sought the tomb's grim abode.

With long, expectant breath, we stood To hear the hollow-sounding clod Fall from the cowl, the yellow od Of fresh-turned earth, and waiting sod.

Then, "Earth to earth, and dust to dust," We heard, but not the moaning thrud What thrills the soul with agonized thrust.

Which chilled the stricken brain and blood; For, thoughtful hands had thickly strewed The cherished casket with the boughs Of arbor vitae's fragrant boon.

And human pity's fearless vow: Ah, then, re-visited with trust That God and man, Christ waited here, While "Earth to earth, and dust to dust," No longer seemed Death's ruthless share.

Beyond the stern, sepulchral groans, Beyond the knell of perished time, We heard the Comforter's glad tones, We heard the resurrection chime.

A voice had whispered: "Come to rest!" And lo! the weary had found rest! O Grave, where is thy victory, When Christ's dear ones sleep on His breast?

We left her there, below the wreath Of made the air with fragrance rife, Forever "hid with Christ," beneath The branches of the Tree of Life!

—Mrs. Virginia Sheffey-Haller, in N. Y. Observer.

THE MOUNTAIN CREATION.

God's Plans are Perfect—Only Man Calls Into Being That Which Is Inharmonious.

Moses was to build the tabernacle after the pattern he had received in the mount. God was the architect, Moses only the builder. That method saved much discussion and trouble with the workers about the tabernacle. There are some things the world cannot change; God's plan for a human life is never out of date; the mountain architecture is perfect. It is neither Grecian nor Roman; it does not follow any human school; it is after the heavenly design. See that you make your architecture after the holy pattern, perfected from foundation to capstone. Strange to say that while there is wide difference of opinion as to what is artistic and beautiful in human workmanship, men are of one mind when they stand before the mountain-creation. The sermon on the mount is the pattern of a right life. When men cry: "Back to Christ," urging us to conform to the principles and rules of the Master, they are simply repeating to all men the command that was given to Moses: "See that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed thee in the mount." What perfect harmony there would be among the life-buildings in the world if we followed the heavenly designs! —Baptist Union.

THREE GREAT TEACHERS.

Why Jesus' Teaching Was Superior to That of Confucius or Benjamin Franklin.

Living or speaking well and nobly for the life that is, is to be commended in anyone, and to be commended by all. Yet no one can live or speak at the best and noblest for the life that is without a recognition of the life that is to come; for a recognition of man's higher nature, and of the future life marks man's superiority above that which dies when this life ends. Confucius and Benjamin Franklin wrote well and nobly for man's present life. Their counsels made an impress on their people for their generation and for following generations, but neither Confucius nor Benjamin Franklin wrote in recognition of the life that is to come; hence their words gave no help to their fellows for the future life, or for man's highest nature. Jesus Christ, wrote better and more telling words for the life that is than did Franklin or Confucius, and in addition to this He speaks words concerning the future life that have told, and do tell and will continue to tell, on our race for this generation and for coming generations. And this is one evidence of the superiority of Jesus Christ to all who ever spoke words for man's help. —S. S. Times.

QUIET-HOUR THOUGHTS.

The Divine can never be inhuman. —Ran's Horn.

Known duties are fixed fingerboards along life's way. —Wellspring.

Great effort from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. —Gunning.

Life goes from test to test; it is like any other business — the more you know, the more it puts upon you. —Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Thorns may be woven into a chaplet; and such a crown, though it tear and scar the brow, is the emblem of a royalty like Christ's. —Charles Beard.

Simplicity promotes strength. It is the complex machine that is oftentimes out of order. Simple living, simple thinking and simple purposes, all make for might. —Wellspring.

We ought to measure our actual lot and to fulfill it; to do with all our strength, that which our lot requires and allows. What is beyond it is no calling of ours. How much peace, quiet, confidence and strength would people attain if they would go by this plain rule. —H. E. Manning.

TOM'S AWAKENING.

Wounded Upon the Vital Truth to Prayer When Brought Face to Face with His Sin.

In one of the suburbs of Boston lives a boy whom we will call Thomas Stone. He is a lad about 16, quick and intelligent, and an only son. From his earliest childhood he remembers that, whatever happened, nothing was al-

lowed to interfere with the daily family prayers.

His father is a well-known merchant, of definite and well-fixed ideas. Every morning after breakfast the whole family, guests, servants and all, assemble in the drawing-room. There the head of the family reads a passage from the Bible, and then offers a simple petition, which invariably concludes with the Lord's Prayer; in that the whole family joins.

To the lively, impatient boy, this sacred family custom was at times a bore. It interfered with so many things that might be done. But his father never allowed him to absent himself except for an imperative reason. So frequently happened that he fretted and showed more or less impatience when the few minutes devoted to family prayer arrived.

His father tried all sorts of punishments, rebukes—but could do nothing to check this spirit of revolt.

Finally, one morning just after prayers, while the family were all present, he said: "My boy, you are now 16—old enough to take a prominent part in the management of the home—and I propose that once a week you shall lead our family prayers."

The boy was taken by surprise and flushed deeply. But he had courage, and so said, with apparent composure: "All right, father." But his heart beat tumultuously.

The next morning his father handed him the Bible, and told him he was to lead the family worship.

"But I can't make a prayer as you do," whispered the son.

"You can repeat the Lord's Prayer," said his father, gently.

Tom read the Bible very well. Then they all knelt down and followed him as he led them in the Lord's Prayer. It was noticed that his voice became more and more unsteady as he went on. Finally, when he came to "and forgive us our trespasses as we—" he burst into tears, and, jumping up, rushed upstairs to his room and flung himself on the bed, weeping bitterly.

The father knew that something serious was the matter, but did not know what. He gave the lad time to compose himself a little, and then followed him upstairs. He leaned over and patted the boy upon the head:

"What is the matter, my son? Tell me all about it. I will help you."

"Father," sobbed the boy, "I couldn't lead in prayer. I saw my teacher before me all the time. I told him a lie yesterday. I—I had forgotten all about it, but it came up when I was praying. I don't think I ever realized what that prayer meant before."

"You had better tell your teacher to-day, Tom."

"I will, I promise you!" was the emphatic answer. Then raising himself, he looked his father in the eye and said:

"I don't see how anyone can pray aloud before people unless he can wash everything off the slate and know that it is clean."

Much moved, his father laid his hand upon his shoulder. "My dear boy," he said, "you have stumbled upon the vital truth in prayer. It is not that one cannot go to his Heavenly Father until 'the slate is clean,' as you say, but it is because prayer shows him when it is not clean and helps to make it clean that it draws us nearer to God and makes us better." —Youth's Companion.

RELIGION.

Is Not Something Apart from Life, But Is Life at Its Finest and Best.

Religion is not something apart from life; it is not something for Sunday, although there were no Sunday. Religion is not primarily for wasted energies and tired nerves nor for the sick-chamber and the deathbed. Religion, at its best, is life at its fullest and best; it is its animating purpose, its consecrating energy. It gives man an ideal worth striving for, one as full of inspiration as the sun is of light, and helps him so to marshal and direct his powers that he can attain it. When a man says that he has not time for religion he confesses that he has not time to cherish the best of which he is capable. Most of the service rendered to God and humanity is given by busy men and women, those who are the most crowded with cares, and these are the most ready to respond to increasing calls upon their time and energy. There is a psychological reason for this. Such persons have a definite aim and purpose. It is a high and noble one that continually refreshes them and gives them such a mastery over their powers that they can always find time to do anything that is best worth the doing. Religion helps rather than hinders. It is like air, like light—it inspires everything that grows; it is the strength, the joy, the deliverance of the soul; it bears burdens, soothes sorrows; it takes the sting out of disappointments and shows us at the end of the journey, not a grave, but a life fit to employ the soul's full-blown powers forever in noblest exercise. —N. W. Christian Advocate.

Ought to Know How. "That fence is miserably painted," remarked the sarcastic one.

"Yes," replied the other; "old Jinks undertook to do the job himself, and he doesn't know how to paint."

"Foolish man! when he had a person of experience so close to him, too. Why didn't he turn the task over to his wife?" —Chicago Post.

Prudence. "What made you jump into the midst of the fight?" inquired the friend.

"You had nothing to do with the feud those men were trying to settle."

"That's perfectly true," answered Col. Stilwell. "But I had to take sides one way or the other. I couldn't take chances on being an innocent bystander." —Washington Star.

Dealings in Futures. The evening's courting was ended. They were standing at the hall door, and ready to bid adieu to each other.

And she to be kissed just once more. His thoughts were all of the future.

But of them not a word did he speak. He was wondering how they could manage to keep house on \$2 a week. —Chicago Daily News.

LITTLE POETIC GEMS.

Gather Up the Fingers.

Let us gather up the fingers That are scattered on the green; Let us wrap them up and put them Where they'll never more be seen; Let us find a grain of comfort In reflecting—if we can— 'Twas his patriotic ardor That has maimed our little man.

He had saved up all his pennies And perhaps a dime or two For the crackers and the fireworks And the noise of the war, too; To do honor to the nation In his simple, boyish way, He would join the noisy racket Field on Independence day.

He was rosy with excitement, And his childish glees he shared. Till one pesky thing exploded When he wasn't quite prepared. Now his little hands are bandaged And he'll never pull out whippers And he wonders why it happened To a boy who meant no ill.

Strange we never prized those fingers Till the giant cracker's roar Stripped them from the hand they grew on, And we'll never squeeze them more; And he'll never pull out whippers Nor be thrust into our eyes; For to patriotic ardor We have fallen a sacrifice.

—Peter Grant, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Success. When those difficult lessons are mastered quite;

When we've learned to do things for love, not for spite;

When we've learned to forgive, though the wrong be grave,

And in the face of temptation stand firm and brave—

That's success.

When duty controls our every-day life;

When we've learned to withstand temptation's strife;

When we've conquered our tongues, our minds and our hearts;

When every thought only purity imports—

That's success.

When our aim has been high and our efforts sincere;

When we've scoffed at failure with a laugh and a sneer,

When the Golden Rule has been our great guide;

When we've done our best, whatever be the tide—

That's success.

—Martha L. Jones (aged ten years), in Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Living Sea. How like the city is unto the sea;

The mighty wave of commerce breaks and beats;

In restless surges through the city streets,

Swayed by the master tide of energy.

How many derelicts, long morn to morn, Drift at the mercy of the wind and wave—

The glutes and the jetsam of the pavement— Deserted, rudderless and tempest-torn.

Here move great argosies with gold and bale, Stanch ships that dare the cunning currents' might,

And through their long procession dart the light Swift pleasure craft with sun-embellished sails.

Yet am I minded only of one thing: How much—how much these smiling waters

Dear God, what wrecks this very day went down Unhailed, unsung and unsignaling!

—Theodosia Garrison, in Ainslie's Magazine.

Heads Up. Don't kick and whine, Just get in line

With the fellows who've grit and pluck; Don't frown and scowl,

Don't stare and growl, Stop prating about ill luck.

Lift up your head, Don't seem half dead,

Stop wearing a wrinkled face; Give smiling hope

Sufficient scope, And joys will come apace.

Out on the man Whose little span

Is full of grief and gloom, Always dreary,

Never cheery, From trundle-bed to tomb.

Give me the chap Who, what'er may hap,

Looks up, and is cheerful still; Who meets a brunt

With a smiling front, And never swines and will. —Jay Bee, in Success.

It Is Love. 'Tis love that makes the world so bright

And takes away life's care, It plants the blooming roses, too,

On cheeks to make them fair, And bids the luster in the eye

To shine with wondrous light, And drives the coldness from the heart

To warm it with delight.

It clothes the criticizing tongue With words of mercy sweet,

And little faults will be unseen, When loving hearts shall meet. The whole world brighter seems to grow

When love, appearing, speaks, And love-warmed hearts find peace and rest.

For which mankind ever seeks. —Martha Shepard Lippincott, in Boston Budget.

How Little It Costs. How little it costs, if we give it a thought,

To make happy some heart each day; Just one kind word or a tender smile,

As we go on our daily way; Perchance a look will suffice to clear

The cloud from a neighbor's face, And the press of a hand in sympathy

A sorrowful tear efface.

One walks in sunlight; another goes In shadow in the shade;

One treads a path that is fair and smooth, Another must pray for aid.

It costs so little! I wonder why We give it so little thought;

A smile—kind words—a glance—a touch— What magic with them is wrought. —Open Window.

Do Your Best. The sun may shine, or clouds arise;

Tho' laughter turn to tears and sighs; Oh, answer, noble to each test—

What'er be betide, still do your best.

With courage hold your steady pace; No'er falter in the darkest race;

Still nourish in your dauntless breast The flame of hope—and do your best.

The clouds will break, the sun will shine; The bow of promise is divine.

In cloud or shine, whatever the test, Press on, press on, as do your best! —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Overheard in the Children's Ward. Thank you for your lullaby,

Little bird!

Ever since the dawn have I Never stirred,

While you hop and trill On my window sill

With your busy bill Picking crumbs;

You shall get a better pay, Bird, from off my breakfast tray,

When it comes.

—Jefferson Fletcher, in Youth's Companion.

Ample Supplied. Mistress—I hope you have some recommendations.

Bridget—Recommendations, is it? Sure I have '2 or '4 in the last four months.—F. O. Topics.

Well-Named. Inksum—He calls his verses "Snatches of Song"

Penfield—That's right! He stole most of them.—Puck.

What She Missed.

Mrs. Ulmer Pork (incensed)—John, the Dunsaps moved out of their house to-day, and some new people moved right in!

Ulmer Park—What of it? I shouldn't think that would bother you.

Mrs. Ulmer Park (aggravatedly)—Well, they didn't give me time to go over and see what condition the Dunsaps left the house in!—Brooklyn Eagle.

Her Right. "Grandniece," said the old lady, feebly, in a tone which indicated mental anxiety as well as bodily suffering.

"Yes, aunt. What is it?"

"When Dr. Slimpsot comes I suspect he will try to give me an anodyne, and I want you to promise me not to let him do it. It won't cure my disease, and if I have a pain I want to know it."

—Leslie's Weekly.

The Difference. An optimist, I take it, is a simple, peaceful man.

Who thinks it safe and pleasant just to travel with the plan; A pessimist, however, always goes against the grain.

And imitates the billy goat who tries to butt the train. —Chicago Record-Herald.

A NATURAL MISTAKE.



Teacher—What tense is it if